Date Night (Thread)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/45027733.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform, Date Night, First Kiss, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Season 3 AU, Valentine's Day, Romance, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter in Love, First Dates
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2023-02-14 Words: 1,536 Chapters: 1/1

Date Night (Thread)

by Metaphysicalash

Summary

Hannibal and Will have come far in their rather indescribable relationship, and Hannibal finally, finally convinced Will to have a date night with him.

Notes

A simple thread I had written on twitter. :) Happy Valentine's day, everyone <3

Hannibal always took time to groom himself in front of the mirror. It wasn’t new. Especially when the occasion asked for it.

It was his first date with Will.

He carefully studied his reflection, adjusting his suit jacket and straightening his shirt, ensuring that everything was perfect. He smoothed a hand over his hair, making sure it stayed in place.

They had been through a rough ordeal; their indescribable relationship hadn't been smooth sailing and only seemed to get worse. Just when it seemed there was no salvaging things, Will returned to therapy, giving Hannibal the chance to mend things. The progress between Will and Hannibal was arduous, fraught with distrust on Will’s part. Despite this, Hannibal never backed down and endured months of reluctance before Will eventually agreed to let him in. Unknowingly, Will was inexplicably drawn towards Hannibal in ways that he couldn't understand. Hannibal could never forget the words echoing through the long hallways of the catacombs:

‘Hannibal, I forgive you.’

Those words pierced right through Hannibal and stayed in his mind long after.

Forgiveness was one thing, but intimacy was a whole other story. Hannibal had always fantasized about the moment he'd finally get to be close to Will. It took even more months for Will to agree to a date. Hannibal finally had an opportunity to express his true feelings to Will and hoped he felt something in return. Even a little. It’d been a long time.

And here they were.

Here was Hannibal, spending too long with his appearance. It’d been a while since he had worn an all-black outfit, but he thought it was appropriate for the occasion. The doorbell rang then. Hannibal's heart raced with anticipation. He gave himself a little smile in the mirror before heading downstairs.

Opening the front door, he saw Will with his back turned to him. His heart skipped a beat when Will turned around to face him, hands in his pockets, wearing the exact outfit as Hannibal. He had trimmed his hair and his stubble, leaving Hannibal spellbound. It was a whole different version of Will.

“What? You disapprove of the hair?” Will asked.

“I never said that,” Hannibal replied. “Please come in, Will.”

He stepped aside, allowing Will to enter. When Will brushed past, Hannibal felt a warmth spread in his chest as he breathed in the scent of him. He closed his eyes and took a moment to savor it, letting the earthy, heady smell fill his lungs and linger in his memory.

“It isn’t the first time I’ve come to your house,” Will said, looking around. “And yet, for some reason, it always feels new each time. The walls

have seen a lot of things.”

“They did,” Hannibal replied. “Perhaps it’s those memories preserved in the walls that give this place a haunting beauty.”

“Haunting is definitely it.”

“Wine?”

“Sure.”

Hannibal took two glasses and a bottle of red wine from the cupboard, poured some wine into the glasses, and handed one to Will. As Will held the glass, his fingers touched Hannibal's hand, sending an electric tingle rushing through his arm. Despite being aware that Will was enticing him on purpose, Hannibal still got ensnared in the alluring trap.

Maybe because he *wanted* to be trapped.

Will slowly sipped the wine, the flicker of the fireplace illuminating his face. Hannibal grinned and also took a sip from his glass. The way Will licked his lips caused Hannibal to part his own. His eyes fixed on Hannibal's, Will kept the wine down and drew closer to him. In a move that stunned the other man, Will kissed him.

Hannibal had only dreamed of the moment but never expected it to happen like this. He almost dropped the glass of wine in his hands as he was taken away into a trance by Will's unbelievably soft lips. Hannibal instinctively kissed back. His pulse throbbed in his veins, adrenaline rushing through his body.

He was kissing Will for the first time, and it was infinitely, *infinitely* better than he had imagined.

And Hannibal lost his mind so much he kept the glass on the table and slipped his hands around Will’s waist, tugging his body flush against his. Will could push him away if he wanted, but he did no such thing. Kissing Hannibal for the first time gave him a high too.

But he didn't want to let Hannibal have all the fun just yet; much to the other man's chagrin, he broke the kiss. The look of yearning on Hannibal's face, the way he leaned his lips towards Will—hungry and begging for more—was a sight that Will loved to see. He tormented him by keeping his lips just out of reach, letting his warm breath gust over Hannibal’s mouth.

“I was curious to know what that felt like,” Will whispered.

“Will…” Hannibal breathed.

“Didn’t see it coming, did you?”

“Wish I could say I was prepared.” Hannibal took a moment to pull himself together.

“Dinner?”

Will smiled. “Would you object to having it later?”

“Not really. What’s on your mind?”

Will dropped his gaze to Hannibal’s lips. “You. Somehow, you took over my every waking thought.”

“As did you. And you did it first.”

“I have to admit, I didn’t know if you’d agree with my look. The change in hair was a spontaneous decision.”

“I don’t disapprove of it. You’re always beautiful no matter what, my dear boy.”

Will grinned. “So you don’t miss my stubble?”

“I’m always open to change.”

“God, always trying to dodge the question.”

Hannibal was too close to Will to be able to resist him. Desire welled up within him, making it impossible for him to ignore them. His feelings were leading the way and even though his mind resisted, his fingers found their way onto Will's shirt, gently tracing patterns over the dark fabric.

“I’ve waited far too long for this,” Hannibal said.

“Maybe we could’ve reached here sooner had you been honest with me from the start.”

“Maybe. But I can’t turn back time as much as I want to. Neither of us can. We only have the present.”

“Yes we do.”

“I don’t want to let the past ruin this moment.”

Hannibal captured Will's lips in another kiss, deeper than before, making sure Will felt every bit of emotion bursting forth from it. In between shared breaths, and in the way their tongues danced. He wanted to make sure Will was his and no one else's. Their lips enveloped each other, as if they were trying to consume one another. All that Will was, is, and could be, belonged to him. Hannibal made sure Will knew that too.

The two of them had an undeniable connection, a powerful attraction that neither of them could deny. Even though Will tried to fight it, he eventually surrendered to it and found

himself giving in to the intoxicating desire that existed between them. Moaning softly into Hannibal's mouth, he wanted all of him too. It was near impossible for Will to stay away from him and he had to accept that.

Hannibal broke contact for a second, but remained close enough for his lips to brush against Will's when he spoke. "I love you, Will. I can no longer contain it. I love you excessively."

His fingers reached to unbutton Will's shirt but Will caught his wrist and leaned away, meeting Hannibal's gaze. His eyebrows furrowed slightly. The look on his face worried Hannibal. He was worried he might have gone too fast. He didn't want to do anything to ruin this night, and yet, he might've inadvertently done so. When Will moved away from him, he grew even more worried.

"Will, please," he said, as the other man walked towards the table. "I know you feel the same. Don't hold yourself back."

Hannibal heard a huff before Will turned around to him again.

Taking his suit off, Will hung it on one of the chairs. Then unbuttoned his shirt slowly. "You need to get the suit out of the way before you go for the shirt."

Grabbing his shirt, Will tightly drew him near and kissed him once more. His breath hitched as Hannibal placed his hands within the open sections of Will's shirt and tenderly caressed his body. His skin was delightfully warm beneath Hannibal's touch.

Hannibal couldn't get his hands off him, fondling and tracing the muscles on his body, teasing his nipple with his thumb. He kissed Will's neck, trailing down to his chest and pressing his lips to his heart. He heard Will sigh and felt his fingers slide into his hair.

Will nudged him back, taking his hand and pressing his palm to his chest. Hannibal felt his heart pounding wildly, and that aroused him.

"I'm not holding myself back, Hannibal," Will said. "But rather than speak my feelings, I prefer to show you what I feel."

Holding Hannibal's hand, Will guided him up the stairs to the bedroom, shooting him a smirk in between. Hannibal couldn't help but return the smile, following Will up like the lovesick man he was. Perhaps the date night turned out way better than he expected.

Dinner could wait.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!